



The MASTER and his DOGS.

A CIT who held a little Farm,
 For his retreat when days were warm,
 Was by a series of ill weather,
 Imprison'd there, when once got thither.
 Distress'd for food, his flocks he slew,
 Goats, Wethers, Sheep, and Lambkins too.
These

These gone---and still by famine press'd,
 The lab'ring Oxen next were dress'd.
 The Dogs, on this, together meet,
 ' Let's make, said they, a quick retreat,
 ' Since service no compassion draws,
 ' What chance have we to 'scape his jaws.'

*A stranger sure can ne'er depend
 On him who thus destroys his friend.*

